Vol. VI. Numb. 15

THE OBSERVATOR.

A Digreſſion from the former Diſcourſe. Of an eminent old Feather-legg'd Lawyer. Of the Author of the Grand Tour; *his notable Travels; with the Accounts of the wonderful Rarities he ſaw, and his Addition to Hiſtory: With his Opinion of the Reformers. Of the Cruelty of ſome Laws, and Miſchiefs of Lawyers.*

From Saturday, April 19. to Wednesday, April 23. 1707.

Country-m. MAſter, I muſt beg you for once to wave Mr. *Rebearſer*, and the High-Church Sayings, and let us have ſome Chat about one or two of our Tory-Lawyers.

Obſ. With all my Heart, *Roger*; who ſhall we begin with?

Country-m. With fine Sir *T. P.* that lives at the *Thief* and *Liar*, in *Lincolns-Inn* Fields.

Obſ. That is a topping Lawyer, in good Sooth; he's as ſtingy of his Senſe, as of his Money. The World, *Roger*, miſtook him for a dangerous Enemy, and ſo his *melting* Tongue was ty'd with Preferment. He was an Enemy, 'tis true, but not a dangerous one, nor worth the purchaſing at the Expence of a Feather. —— Some Trouts are not worth the Fly that takes them; and yet the old Beau has his Peculiars, a Tongue made on Purpoſe to charm *Himſelf*, and the fair Sex too, if 'twas in a young Head; and beſides, he has a pliant *Genius*, and a Conſcience ſo flexible, as to qualify him to ſerve two Contraries, the Court of K. *J.* and the Court of Q. *A.* and withal, to be a furious Adverſary againſt the ſeven Proteſtant Biſhops, and yet a violent Stickler for the Church. From ſuch a Defender of the Faith as K. *J.* and ſuch a Defender of the Church as his Attorney, *Libera nos.* Look about you, Sir *T.* the Devil has knock'd at your Door; he has broke your Collar-Bone, to put you in Mind of *SORRELL.*

Country-m. Indeed, Maſter, the Tories are impudent Fellows, to tempt Fate by mounting on Horſe-back; two or three of 'em have broke their Necks, and given Earneſt for the reſt. —— How! but ſure ——. But, Maſter, when I was in *Chancery-Lane*, I ſaw an old Fellow, that wanted only a Scythe to make him Father *Time*.

Obſ. Had not he a Hawk's Noſe, and rufflʼd Feet?

Country-m. The ſame, Maſter.

Obſ. Oh, this is *old Shoe-ſtrings*; he's the Picture of the Reſurrection of 41. He looks as if he had been one of the late King's Judges, and, for Fear of being hang'd, had ſtole into a Sanctuary. This old Round-head ſtudies to ſpeak Nonſenſe, and ſo affronts Nature by an unjuſt Diſtruſt. Certainly ſuch an Inſect there is not, unleſs begot in a North Wind; true to Nothing; not to Himſelf. Look you, *Roger*, I'll ſubmit to be hang'd in my own proper Perſon, if there are ten in the World (bar the Univerſity) that would vote to ſave this worthleſs Thing from the Gallows; nay, if the World were to chuſe him, and the Choice lay between him and the ——, the laſt would be ſecure. —— What a Sack of Wiſe-acres fills our Univerſity! Is this the worſt Tool you cou'd find to repreſent you? Or is he your neareſt and trueſt Repreſentative? If this is your *Idol*, I can tell you your *Moloch* has a *Calve's-Head*.

Country-m. Maſter, I'll tell you what I'll do.

Obſ. What, *Roger*?

Country-m. When this old Round-head is aſleep in Court, I'll ſteal away his Perriwig, put on a Serjeant's black Cap, and pop his Gloves upon his unthinking Head, and then his own Party will hang him themſelves.

Obſ. A good Project, *Roger*; but have a Care of the Man that looks nine Ways at once —. But, without jeſting, *Roger*, I really think no Body can oblige the World with ſo good an Account of this Knight, as the *pithy* Author of the *Grand Tour*.

Country-m. Well, Maſter, if that celebrated Author will write his Life, I'll give him a Title Page.

Obſ. What ſhall the Title Page be?

Country-m. The Life and Death of the ever conſtant Knight of the ill-favour'd Countenance.

Obſ. But, *Roger*, he is not dead yet.

Country-m. 'Tis no Matter; he muſt die ſome Time or other —. And now you are talking of the *Grand Tour*, was the Author's *Tour* like *Dampier*'s, round the World.

Obſ. No, *Roger*, the utmoſt of his Travels, was only to *Rome*, to kiſs the Pope's Slipper —. An Homage he'd ſcarce pay to any King in *Poſſeſſion!*

Country-m. Pray what was the Deſign of this Author's grand Travels?

Obſ. To tell the Steps of the Altars at *Canterbury* and *Parma*; to ſee a Chriſt'ning at *Boloign*, and to diſcover, that the firſt City on the *French* Shore, lies on the *French* Coaſt. Beſides, he has learn't us and himſelf, by his mighty Toils and Sweat, the Advantages and Diſadvantages of oil'd Paper-Windows, and has prov'd to Demonſtration, the moſt difficult Thing in the World, *i. e.* That eight Pictures take up leſs Room than ſixteen of the ſame Size. He has learn't us how Aſſes are treated Abroad, but has forgot to tell us how they ought to be treated at Home.

To ſupply which, he has entertain'd us with the Beggar's Oratory at *Nemours* and *Ferrara*: That Palm Trees, in foreign Countries, bear Dates; and has adviſ'd us of two particular Curioſities; one, that the Night is an ill

Time

Time for a Proſpect, and the other, that *February* is an ill Seaſon to ſee a Garden in.

And withal, the Author ſaw ſeveral Things in thoſe Parts that were Rarities, never ſeen in *England*; ſuch as Vaults under Ground; a Sky-colour'd earthen Mug, with a Pewter Cover; Fiſh in Rivers, and Bridges over them, Lodging-rooms that are habitable; Forts with ſtrong Walls; clipp'd Money currant, becauſe there was no other; and laſt of all, (that which will never be the Author's Caſe) Nature improv'd by Art.

Country-m. Bleſs me! Maſter, I'm ſurfeited; my ſilly Wife plagues me with juſt ſuch ſilly Stuff. I'd have this Book dedicated to the Author's Electors, for their Improvement in Hiſtory. Sure, Maſter, this eminent Story-Teller is a Tory, he's ſilly enough.

Obſ. Aye, *Roger*, you have hit it, he envies the triumphant Seat of the Dragon on *Bow-Steeple*; and if he was to chuſe his own Death, he would be ſacrific'd by the Hand of a Prieſt at the High Altar, and ſo die a Martyr to the Church.

Country-m. If that's all, can't the Sexton, with the Bell-Rope, ſerve the Turn?

Obſ. No, *Roger*, it muſt be by one regularly appointed; but one thing I can't forbear telling you.

Country-m. What's that, Maſter?

Obſ. This Man is a true modern Tory, of the Tribe of *Leſley*; he is a Champion of the old luſty rampant Church, ſuch as it was before *Henry* the 8th; he laughs at our puling One, as begot in lawful Wedlock.

Country-m. How, Maſter?

Obſ. Aye, *Roger*, Arch-Hereticks is the beſt Term he can afford the firſt Reformers, ſuch as *Luther*, *Calvin*, *Cranmer*, *Bucer*, *Beza*, *&c.* p. 60.

Country-m. If theſe are Hereticks, the Author muſt be either a Heretick himſelf, or elſe a Papiſt; and if an Extirpation of the Reformation, under the Title of Hereſy, is what the Tories would be at, I wiſh 'em all killing the Pope's great Toe in their Way to the Devil.

Obſ. Hold, *Roger*, you are in a Paſſion. It may be the Author is not fond of another Religion, for the ſake of the Religion.

Country-m. For what other Reaſon then?

Obſ. Becauſe there are Nunneries with 300 Whores in 'em at a Time; and ſuch a Receptacle he preſcribes in *England* for honeſt Mens Daughters: 'Tis an eaſy Way of parting with 'em, he ſays.

Country-m. Maſter, *Jug* ſhall go to none of theſe bawdy Boarding-Schools, where the young Wenches learn to be Whores, and engender with the Devil's Imps, Monks, and Fryars. They learn Whoring faſt enough every where.

Obſ. You run too much, *Roger*, upon the Lawyers; they'll get you hang'd, if they can.

Country-m. I don't queſtion it, if they can; but they can't do it by their laſt merciful Act, for I owe no Money.

Obſ. It's a hard Caſe, *Roger*, that a Man muſt be hang'd becauſe he owes Money; who can help Misfortune!

Country-m. Is it not better to have half an hundred Debtors hang'd, than have two Lawyers ſtarve?

Obſ. No, *Roger*, we can better ſpare a thouſand Lawyers, than two honeſt Debtors, tho' I think we are over-ſtock'd with both Sorts.

Country-m. Maſter, 'tis the Fault of us, of our ſelves, that ſo many hard Laws, and now ſanguinary Laws, are made concerning the poor Debtors.

Obſ. I am ſure none of 'em petition'd for this Law, but many ſollicited for it, that are leſs ſervicable and uſeful to the Common-Wealth, than the pooreſt Debtor in *England*, were he at Liberty.

Country-m. I do wonder whence this furious Storm of Cruelty ſhould ariſe, that everturns and throws down the very Fences of Humanity!

Obſ. From very evil Spirits, *Roger*; from the Enemies to our Country, and the Enemies to the Nation's Peace.

Roger, there were ſome that ſollicited againſt the Bankrupts, that could not afford to take the Oaths to the Government: And ſome of the Bankrupts they ſollicited againſt, had been made Bankrupts by their Services to, and their Loſſes for the Government. Says the Nonjurors, Hang 'em, Rogues! they ſpend their Money, and venture their Lives againſt King *James*, to bring Queen *Ann* to the Crown; they ſhall be hang'd for't. Now, ſay the Lawyers, A Pack of Villains, they would ſpoil our Trade, would they? No, no, we'll make Proviſion for our own Intereſt.

Country-m. Maſter, theſe Lawyers, I don't like 'em, their Church is worſe than t'other, and their Gowns of a deeper Dye, if poſſible: The more Diſaſters happen to the People, the greater is their Profit. They tremble at Ships taken by the Enemy, founder'd at Sea, or ſtranded on the Shore; Blow Wind, blow, ſay they, in a boiſterous Seaſon; the more Ships loſt, the more Inſolvents, and ſo the more Trade for us. They are like the Savages on the backſide of the *Iſle of Wight*, or on the Coaſt of *Suſſex*, the more Shipwrecks, the more Profit.

Obſ. Thoſe People that live by other Mens Misfortunes, are the Peſt of a Nation; but much more ſo, when 'tis in their Power to make others miſerable, to make themſelves rich. Give up all to their Creditors, and be diſcharg'd! Fine work indeed! What remains then for the Lawyer?

Country-m. Maſter, we can't talk long on this Subject at this preſent Time; but I thank God, our Noble Patriots the Peers have Bowels of Compaſſion, and Hearts enclin'd to Juſtice. 'Tis not long of them that the Poor become miſerable; that they are robb'd of their Goods, and deny'd the Benefit of the Law: The Bleſſing of the Poor light upon them, and as they have often of late ſav'd this Nation from ſinking, ſo may they live farther to plead the Cauſe of the Poor and Needy, and purchaſe the Prayers of Widows, Orphans, and Priſoners ———. To their good Healths, with all my Spirit.

*** A Phyſician of Eminence, and great Practice in Venereal Diſeaſes, in Compaſſion to ſuch who are diſtemper'd, and either through Ignorance or Indigence, neglect timely Care, or fall into unſkilful Hands for Cure, has thought fit to offer ſome gentle purging Pills, to be purchas'd at a ſmall Price, which alone (without Hinderance of Buſineſs, or other Inconveniency) ſafely and compleatly cure any Gonorrhœa, or Running of the Reins, with Heat and Sharpneſs of Urin, (uſually in 10 or 12 Days time) and alſo ſuch as are ill cur'd, they clear of any Relicts of the ſaid Diſeaſe. To be had at the *Water-man's-Arms* behind *Old Round-Court*, in the *Strand*, at 3 *s.* a Box, containing ſix Doſes, ſeal'd up with printed Directions for their Uſe, and will be deliver'd to any Meſſenger.

Theſe are to give Notice,

*** That *Mary Kirleus*, Widow of *John Kirleus*, Son of Dr. *Thomas Kirleus*, a Collegiate Phyſician of *London*, and Sworn Phyſician in Ordinary to King *Charles* II. is the only Perſon that ſells (exactly perpar'd) his Famous Drink and Pill, which is eminently experienc'd to cure all Ulcers, Sores, Scabs, Itch, Scurfs, Scurvies, Leproſies, Venereal and *French* Diſeaſe, Running of the Reins, and all ſuch Malignities, tho' never ſo inveterate, in all Conſtitutions, at all Seaſons of the Year, hindering no buſineſs, without Fluxing or the Uſe of *Mercury*, which is generally deſtructive. Theſe Medicines are truly and faithfully prepar'd, as directed by her Huſband, and as made and deliver'd to his patients by her in his Life-time, (they being the only perſons then that ſold it, and to whom the ſecret was ever imparted.) Therefore beware of ſeveral late ignorant Pretenders, for ſhe is the only perſon that knows the Doctor's Methods of curing, which ſhe practiſes with great ſucceſs, as has been ſeveral Times mention'd in the *Gazette*. She cures many after Fluxing, compaſſionates the Diſtreſs'd, and deals with all perſons according to their Abilities. The Drink is 3 *s.* the Quart, the Pills 1 *s.* the Box, with Directions; ſhe gives Advice *gratis*. ☞ She is remov'd from the *Glaſs Lanthorn* in *Plough-Yard*, to the *Golden Ball* in *Hand-Court*, over-againſt *Great Turn-Stile*, in *Holborn*.

LONDON, Printed by *H. Meere*, for the Author, JOHN TUTCHIN.